

THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1854.

No. 7.

OUR LANGUAGE TO BE UNIVERSAL.

It is nothing to our purpose whether at the Creation, God endowed man with a perfect language, or what that language was. For a period of seventeen hundred years he enjoyed a high state of civilization and refinement, and "the whole earth was of *one* language and of *one* speech." This is sufficient. They were bound together by the nicest ties; their interests were common, their sympathies mutual, their language universal: and cherishing a conservative spirit, they essayed to build a city, and a tower whose lofty summit might bear a beacon light for the wanderer. But it was not in accordance with the designs of the Almighty that the human family should be confined to the narrow limits of the Tigris and Euphrates. This beautiful world, teeming with life and activity, must be peopled, and a way prepared for rich displays of the wisdom of the great Architect; hence, men "were scattered abroad on the face of the Earth." This is the reason why speech was made to jar upon the ear, without awakening perception, and a principle of repulsion created, where was hitherto only mutual attraction. Man by this effort at consolidation had refused to fulfil the command, "replenish the Earth," and the confusion of tongues was the severe method of reducing him to submission.

Now if certain means are employed to accomplish an end, when that end is attained, those means cease to be necessary: hence there is no longer need of a diversity of tongues. The world has been peopled. Nine hundred and fifty millions of souls are scattered over its surface; and the desired effect being produced, the cause need not exist, and there is nothing against our hypothesis, that "the whole Earth shall again be of one language and one speech." Not only is there no declaration to the contrary, but the guide marks along the sacred highway all point to a time when all nations shall again be united, in peace and good-will, in heart and in speech.

If this is so, let us inquire which of the existing languages seem best fitted for, and most likely ultimately to become universal.

By accurate classification the number of original languages from which those in actual use are derived, has been reduced to three, or at most five. Many dialects included under these are merely local, and unwritten, and though remarkable for the number and delicacy of their inflections, in the absence of a literature, possess the very elements of decay and dissolution. Among those languages which possess an extensive literature, we may mention the Chinese and its relatives. A language obscure and cumbrous, without grammar, and never reaching beyond the varied collocation of its unchangeable roots to express variety of meaning: belonging too, to a people living in strict seclusion from the world, it possesses few of the requisites of a universal language. Of the great Indo-European family, the German embraces an extensive literature, is sufficiently copious to express all distinct notions, and affords great facilities for the easy expression of thought; but it is the language of a nation who do not possess the principles of extension, are not ambitious to spread their name and customs, and therefore *this* cannot be the language which is to overshadow the world.

Our own language now remains to be considered; and that it will eventually become universal seems evident from its being the language of the most enlightened, most literary and most powerful people in the world. 'Tis true that languages which express relations and complex ideas by means of changes in termination

are rich and copious beyond many others; yet we maintain that the process of conjugating and declining by auxiliary words and particles is more convenient, and affords greater variety and harmony than changes in the termination of a verb or noun can possibly do. We express relational ideas almost wholly by this latter process, and hence the ease with which the common people frame their speech grammatically and accurately. The greater the niceties of a language, the greater of course, the difference between that spoken and written by the educated and uneducated; and that this principle of terminal inflections tends to overthrow a language, is shown in the Latin. The rustic language of Italy was altogether different from the written, hence, when the two classes became assimilated, the rude dialect of the majority undermined and swept away the whole fabric of that splendid tongue.

Nor are the *capacities* of our own language insufficient for general use. It is composed of words capable of expressing every shade of thought and flight of fancy. It embodies things temporal and spiritual, seen and unseen. Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, prosperity and adversity, and all the long catalogue of lights and shadows that flicker across man's pathway, are depicted by it. It contains all the beautiful imaginations, the rich and enlarging thoughts, the purifying and ennobling feelings of men who lived in ages long past. Above all it is a language that shall yet express in words of deeper import, and loftier meaning the majesty and goodness of God. Again,

Ours is the language of Civilization, of Christianity and of a conquering race. A race possessing the very elements of universal sway; exerting an influence beneath which the savage quails, and to which nations in every quarter of the globe render obedient homage. England already "commences her drum beat with the rising sun, and following the consecutive hours, encircles the earth with one strain of martial music." She is stretching her sway over Asia;—the Hindoo desires the English language as the medium of intercourse;—the seeds of liberty wafted over the ramparts of China are rapidly uprooting her institutions; and England and the United States are ready and waiting to trans-

plant their own. The language of the conquerors must more and more become that of the conquered. Rome spread her own language over Gaul, Italy and even a portion of Greece and Asia Minor. She did not adopt the Irish in Ireland, nor the dialect of the vanquished in Africa, nor will the proud Anglo-Saxon yield his, to any inferior tongue. Again,

Prophecy assures us that the whole world shall be converted to Christianity. No language contains it purer than our own; while hundreds are so meagre as to be poorly able to express the majesty of the theme of salvation. Shall these languages be enriched which have existed whole eras without improvement, so as to make it possible to translate into them, or, shall the nations be taught a language which is the vehicle of every kind of useful knowledge, and in every essential attribute superior to the most cultivated Oriental or Occidental languages? Let the greatness of the result be the key to decision.

Our language, and christianity and civilization may therefore be regarded as co-existent and co-extensive. One *must* keep pace with the other, and as civilization more and more gains on the darkness of barbarism, as intercourse between men and nations becomes more and more rapid, and artificial, and intellectual, language will undergo new processes of refinement, become a symmetrical unity, and be pushed far beyond that degree of perfection which at first it had. And, as light and heat, are swiftest and most effective when the ethereal medium is uninterrupted, so love, peace and prosperity shall flow on uninterrupted and harmonious, through the unbroken medium of a universal language.

H.

*R. N. Nassau***BOADICEA.**

WITHOUT compromising her distinguishing and endearing attribute—gentleness—woman frequently leaves her more sequestered path, to perform some great action. Nor in so doing does

she blunt her sensibilities, or break the fine mould of her character; she only exalts her sex in the view of the world, by showing her capabilities for action when stern necessity demands it.

All our war-made heroines are such. The sense of danger has a power to nerve the feeble arm with masculine strength, to keep the acute thought on the alert, and to fit the judgment for important and critical decision, where the more *unwieldy* mind of man would be delayed.

Such an one was Boadicea. Though naturally of a superior mind, as a Briton she necessarily imbibed the superstitions of her Briton countrymen,—they became woven in the texture of her mind, yet, more like the dark contrast-giving threads of some fair tapestry, than the coarse strands of a rough made material. Her intercourse with the Druids entered largely in the formation of her character. In the silence, and sometimes awful grandeur of their oak groves, the naturally rude minds of these venerable priests of Nature had been exalted, almost refined. And however rude and erroneous they were, or however cruel they may have been in regard to their sacrifices, they were the wisdom of the time, and Boadicea, acquainted with them, was *relatively educated*.

Her country's subjection, under Roman hands, weighed heavily on her heart. The savage insult offered her daughters, by the Roman procurator, pierced her soul as with a sharp iron. She was trebly wounded,—as a Briton, a mother, a sovereign. She witnessed thousands of her countrymen slain, before her native land had been reduced, and the added chains were too heavy for endurance. The destruction of the Druids and sacred groves, on the isle Mona, was ever before her eyes, and she used it as a powerful engine to excite the people. Any one, less patriotic, might have made the attempt to free her country from subjection, but none could have undertaken it with the same zeal and prudence she manifested.

She raised the war-cry, first, among her own Iceni, and soon neighboring bands united their forces about the standard of Liberty. Their swollen numbers rushed along receiving additions as they hasted against the foe. A woman's heart had conceived this,—a woman's voice was exciting and directing it.

The Roman soldiery evacuated their most advanced posts, while the Briton army wreaked a terrible vengeance on seventy thousand of the Roman colonists and allies.

And now battles have been fought,—the Romans have been defeated, and one more contest shall decide whether they shall be conquered. The united Briton army is moving against their enemies. Their hopes have been raised high by their ardent Boadicea. The morning of the decisive day arrives. Boadicea, with her two injured daughters, rides in her chariot along the ranks, calling on each nation to strike manfully. Her long golden tresses float to her feet,—her face beams with hope, and fear, and revenge,—her eye flashes with zeal. Her stirring words are like goads to the already impatient hearts and hands of her followers. Protestations of devotion, and demands to be lead to the battle fall from the lips of the multitude. But the tale is long and sad. Rude bravery, though enlisted in liberty's cause, could not withstand the art-clad valor of conquerors, and the Britons fled.

Her hopes of victory gone, the tide of battle being irreversible, Boadicea knew that her power was gone. Her country was inevitably subdued, and for herself remained immediate death at the hands of her captors, or, if spared, a dreaded slavery. With the delusive hope of escaping the certain sting of the Present, by rushing into the uncertain Future, she terminated her existence by poison. She fills a suicide's grave! Friend! commiserate her misfortunes, the dead reckon not thy censures.

AMLOT.

HEART'S-EASE.

SPRING came and strewed the earth with flowery gems. The golden sunlight poured gently upon each opening petal, a pure stream of life and vigor. The vernal breezes wafted on their wings gentle music, and burdens of fragrance from the treasures of Spring, while the little brooks, freed from their icy fetters,

danced joyfully over their pebbled beds. The happy birds poured forth their humble tribute of thanksgiving in a thousand tuneful lays. Everything seemed filled with joy and gladness. Earth rejoiced to throw off her icy robe, and resume proudly, her gay garlands of flowers. Even in the quiet churchyard, the merry echoes had resounded. Even *there*, Spring had scattered his bright and bounteous gifts, and gentle wild flowers bloomed upon the lowly graves, seeming to speak of the departed dead.

A lonely orphan girl strolled among the waving willows, and knelt beside a grave, over which the zephyrs tuned their lyres, and sang a low sad requiem. She felt its strange power; and as she bowed upon her mother's grave, her heart was almost bursting with its deep, long pent grief. She rose, to look once more upon that dear spot. There, among the soft green, bloomed a little flower, a modest lovely flower: modest in its silent seclusion; lovely, in all its modesty and innocence. The orphan rejoiced, as she saw its delicate beauty. She loved it the more because of the home it had chosen. It seemed to her young heart like some sweet flower of paradise, whose fragrance would ever breathe of her mother's loved spirit, and bid her hasten onward to meet her. Day by day she watched and cherished it, as though its protection was the loved aim of her existence. As it unfolded, hope and joy revived in her desolate heart, the drooping bud of peace bloomed again and slowly expanded into a full blossom. Then the orphan sought a name for her cherished floweret. At first she called it *Spirit flower*.

As the Autumn came with its bleak winds, it still nestled in its native home to cheer her young heart. But it was not until the sweeping blasts of Winter tore it rudely from its resting place, that she knew how dearly she loved it. Then she called it *Heart's-ease*, and looked forward with hope to the time when another Spring would bring it again on that mother's grave.

L.

H. C. Alexander
THE BROOK.

THE brown brook foam'd along its stony bed,
Girt with black fallen trunks and swardy green :
• Thorned laurel thickets, leafy boughs o'erhang
The rushing water, dark with towering pines
And hemlocks green or drear with naked top
Scathed by some stroke of lightning's trenchant brand.
A liquid blue rolls waveless overhead,
With summer clouds pursued by vengeful wind.
Dark pine-capp'd hills on either bank abrupt
Screen from improper gaze the waking sun,
Who robed in all his fires appears ere noon,
And holds his azure course through eastern sky.
The crested king-fisher flaps the still air,
And seeks the dark retreat of yonder limb
Projecting brown with age from forest shades,
Umb'ring the shadow of that smooth-worn stone,
Cast on the watery deep, where dimly seen
The gleaming trout turn up their speckled sides,
Or sudden, scarce perceived, dart deep below,
Nor break the sparkling wave for swarming flies.
Here safe ensconced the blue-backed fisher calls
In gutt'ral accent to his neighboring mate ;
Who from the top of stunted cedar scans
The wading sportsman, who with pliant wrist,
Casts wide his feathered barb from bending cane,
To eager leapers, tempted from the foam,
Or from the current tide or rippling shoal.
Far down the sunny sheet of liquid clear,
Deep flowing 'tween dark, green, embanking hills.
When evening calls the lowing, brindled herd,
Who moving homeward sound their jocund bells,
The placid wave is cleft by sprightly trout,
Who distant leap to seize some errant fly,
Then sink, and leap again in evening air.
The sun returning from the chase of day,
Looks in upon the smiling Western sky,
Which softly dressed in wanton robe of clouds,
Seems like Semele visited by Jove.
Hoped for, he comes, in flaming glory armed,
And soon the dying West is in a blaze.

V.

A SIMILE.

How beautiful is sunrise—and how worthy of contemplation. The king of day, in glory robed, returns from eastern realms to cheer again our western world, left darksome by his absence. He glances at the dewdrops, the pearly tears that night had shed,—they, dazzled by his radiant charms, dissolve and rise in morning incense. The conscious rose, whose petals pure were closed to peering stars, or kiss of saucy fire fly, to greet his genial smiles, unfolds its blushing loveliness. The lark, the lightsome leader of the feathered choir, impatient of delay, plumes her wing and meets him with a matin song, upon the threshold of the skies. Beauty breathes from verdant valleys and beams benignant on the mountain's brow, while nature looks, as when perfections seal was set upon creation.

So the dawn of life. The soul of man in infant innocence springs into being, relieving by its advent, Time's sad monotony. It seizes on the glittering dewdrops that pleasure scatters in its pathway, they, like manna melt and last but for a day. Budding affections burst forth, and blossom before its bright and silent face, where dimpled innocence shines out in light and loveliness. The Siren, Hope, most charming of the three, with plumage spread upon the earliest ray of reason, sings to it the songs of bright anticipation. The future, fraught with fancy's golden visions lies before it, as did Eden's new-made bowers,

When 'mid the worship and surprise,
Of circling angels, woman's eyes
First opened—" on them.

How beautiful is noonday—and how worthy of thought. The king of day reins in his panting steeds, while from their tossing manes a thousand sparkles fall like glittering spray. From zenith, on he hies, and down the azure zodiac roll his golden chariot wheels. The buried seed his genial influence feels, and waving harvests bow in adoration. Upon the silver waters of the mountain lake, the snowy swan floats dreamingly; the aspen leaf coquets the breeze no more, but stilly, slumbers on a sunbeam. The

lambent sunshine laves each hill and sloping lawn, and earth seems nearer to the skies than e'er before.—So with life's meridian. The soul of man ascending with advancing time has reached that unknown point, the summit of life's arch; when purest gems of thought, and ripened fruit of rich experience are showered around on all. Onward it hastens down the descending arc. Its influence mild, quickens to growth the seeds of virtue in the young, the gay, the beautiful, and they shall own its power when angel sickles gather in the final harvest. The trembling fantasies of wild ambition revel no longer in the tranquil breast, but sink in softened slumber, because the Sun of Righteousness illumines its unclouded heaven, and breathes around an atmosphere of holy happiness.

How beautiful is sunset,—yet how sad. The king of day has rolled beyond the horizon's golden rim, to gladden, o'er the Pacific sea, celestial realms. His twilight rays seem like funereal sunbeams to gild the calm death-hour of nature. The birds have hushed their liquid melody and sought security beneath the dusky leaflets of the wood. The conscious roses languished and turned to drink one dying draught from out the crimson flood of his refluent glory, while sable night assumed her star bespangled tiara,—a conscious queen. But, the brightest jewel in its cerulean folds, shone the crescent star, a brilliant, borrowed from the day-king's coronet.

So with the close of life. The soul has passed this life's horizon, and o'er the placid stream of death gives joy to heaven's inhabitants. In its rich twilight, soft glimmering visions and catches of radiance from the world of bliss, light up the scene and gild the gloomy pall. All thoughts of earth and earthly joys withdraw forever. Loved ones cluster round to catch with eagerness the words that like the dew distil, and from the lips of the departing saint, drop as the rain. O'ershadowing death makes dark divine decrees, but through the dreary clouds of sense, shines out the star of Faith and Hope, the star that guides the christian here, and crowns his brow hereafter.

H.

P. J. Caffrey
THE VAIN MAN.

It is popular to decry vanity as an evil—to regard self-conceit as a misfortune. Relatively to others, they manifestly are so. The vain man is always contemptible so far forth as he is vain. His affectation, frivolity and ostentation,—always obtruding himself upon our notice—always demanding our admiration, may, to those of an even temper, or a jovial disposition appear extremely ridiculous and entertaining. They may laugh at his extravagances, and enjoy his failings. But with me at least the effect is different. I might laugh if I could regard him as a *monkey*, but when I think of him as a *man*, I *cannot*: as a companion, I would gladly exchange him for a lady. Yet a regard for his happiness would prevent me from ever doing aught to strip him of his vanity, and I have even been led to think that the vain and self-conceited man is one of the happiest among the living. It matters not whether we regard it as natural to man, or a result of education, one thing is certain, wherever man exists, we find him emulous of the good opinion of his fellows, and most of the happiness of man consists in his conception of the thoughts and feelings of his companions. (I say of *his* conception, for his conception is all that is essential to his happiness.) I know not that this needs either proof or illustration, one at least will be sufficient. How often are we pained to learn that one whom we regarded as a friend, really entertained no friendly feelings for us, yet up to the very moment of our discovery, our intercourse with him was sweet. In this case at least, our happiness was not the result of his feelings for us, but of our conception of them. So with their opinion of other qualities. If we conceive that others have an exalted opinion of our endowments, acquirements and moral excellencies, all this is calculated to excite in us sensations of the liveliest delight. And all this the vain and conceited man has far beyond a Newton or a Milton, for his vanity leads him to desire esteem, and self-conceit assures him that one possessed of all his excellencies must be appreciated by his fellows. And furthermore he can never be stripped of his pleasure, or warned of his mis-

take, for though all should unite in treating him with contempt or warn him of his folly, he would deem them fools, or give them credit for a joke, and in either case his happiness would be secure. Furthermore, his frivolous disposition renders him incapable of that serious view of life which does so much to strip it of its charms; but sure of the esteem of others the future always stands before him robed in joy and light. The death of friends never troubles him, for he is the world to himself, nor can misfortunes of any kind strip him of his self conceit, nor convince him that he is not a most *tremendous fellow*, and in this all his happiness is centred. But as I am not vain enough to think I can enlighten you, kind reader, upon a subject with which you are quite familiar, I will just subscribe myself, that you may know who it is that has immortalized himself by writing this squib.

KLMNOP.

J. C. Myckoff

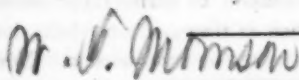
GOD IN SCIENCE.

MAN'S desire for knowledge dispossessed him of Eden. In yielding to this desire, he excluded himself from the means, by which alone it could be gratified, and bequeathed to his degenerate offspring, a mind with faculties all sin-ruined and degraded. And although man's strongest desire is for knowledge, yet in most it is naturally a vague curiosity, or at best, a mere love of science, blended with curious doubts, of what is manifestly true. Most men pursue knowledge for selfish ends, and not for the love of truth. They are apt to overlook the first great truth; that the true end of all science, is to inform us of God's attributes, and his relations to us. They partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but forget that it was planted by God's own hand, and the effect is to show them their nakedness, not however with the repentance properly of shame, but of pride. The consequence is, that each new acquisition of facts, tends to confirm error, thus begun, each new insight into the relations of things, makes man think more of himself, as if indeed he were some gifted seer, to

be admired for his consciousness of eyesight. He reasons concerning the universe around him, as fitted to himself. He is well pleased with its adaptation to his comforts, and necessities, but in his complacency, never thinks of Him who adapted the sunshine to his sight, and objects to his senses. Thus Laplace scrutinized the heavens, with himself only before his eyes, and never mentions the might that made them. He concerns himself only with their mechanism, and though he gazes into the temple of Omnipotence, with an angel's ken, it is not to worship, but to wonder. He sets the worlds in motion mathematically, in order to dispense with the power of their Creator. He would have his nebulous notions account for all astronomical development, but he derives his vortices from his own fancy. He turns his telescope upwards, and catching a few glimpses of the glory which "the heavens declare"; he prides himself on the ingenuity with which he accounts for their movements; but sees no power superior to "the laws of nature," and never thinks of him "who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by name." The fact is, men have never been able to use their reason, with happy results, except when following the indications granted them in nature, as seen by the light that flows from heaven. They would save themselves a world of trouble, by basing their reasonings on revelation, and in proportion as they conform their doctrines to its teachings, will they advance in true science. Newton saw the universe, with his soul enlightened by religion. He thought becomingly about the Creator's universe, until by degrees he rose into a clear elevation, from whence with sublime, but sober rapture, he beheld the heavens and earth, as one system of diversified wonders, in which God reveals himself as Love. He felt that the utmost keenness of vision, could serve to gaze into the profundity before him, only to catch a few rays, which would indicate the glory beyond sight. Peering among the stars, the more he beheld, the more he felt his incapacity to penetrate the depths of Divine wisdom. Conscious that he dwelt on an atom of dust on the outskirts of a galaxy of immeasurable glory, he lost all perception of himself, in the apprehension of Him "who filleth immensity with his presence." Whatever was requisite to

complete the wisdom inscribed with light on the world around him, was found in the "Written word." Suns and systems, as they rolled on in eternity, modifying seasons to each other, indicated the goodness, and omnipotence of their maker. He saw them adjusted with an equilibrium, which proved that Omnipotence was there, for no other hand could hang worlds upon nothing, and roll them in their inconceivable vastness and number, undeviating in their revolutions. In this case, we see as the knowledge of natural phenomena increases, moral truths appear. Thus all science demonstrates to him, what before his faith assured him, that the plan of nature, is that of Providence. Laplace left God out of view. Hence some theory must be invented, which will dispense with His power, and Almighty interference, with the working of worlds. Living on an earth floating in light, with heaven all around him, he surrounded himself with the darkness of his error, and his doubts. His ingenuity, and unbelief, in the application of proud, and perverted reason, satisfied itself, with its substitutes for Almighty power. Newton's investigations were conducted on the data in revealed truths; and truth followed upward to its source led to heaven.

W.



A COURSE OF READING.

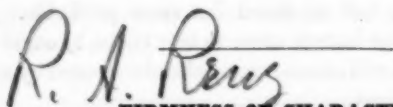
PROBABLY no question is more frequently asked by students, than, "What course of readings shall I pursue during my collegiate term?" The question has been as often asked as it has been unsatisfactorily answered. For the advice given has either imposed too much labor, or on the other hand it has proved contrary to the inclinations. The fact is that no one can prescribe a course of reading that will suit the tastes of one different from his own. More general principles however may be stated leaving each one to make the application for himself. With respect to this matter erroneous ideas are very often entertained by those who enter college. To one who might wish to divide the college into dis-

tinctive classes, three might easily be made to embrace the whole. They are the Students, the Readers, and the Do-Nothings. The first class comprise those who endeavor to fulfil all their college duties, so as to maintain a creditable stand, and then rest satisfied. The second having an antipathy to study, endeavor to make up for this by marking out a course for themselves, vainly boasting that this will in the end prove more beneficial than the most intense study. Of the third class we have nothing to say. In the plan followed by the first two classes, we think there is something objectionable in both. True the object proposed is good, but the means of obtaining it objectionable. The improvement of the mind is the mark at which both aim. Probably there is no subject upon which students talk more loosely than upon this. Now what we understand by the improvement of the mind, is, such a cultivation of its powers, that it may be the best fitted for work in after life. If this be true, the mind must be trained, so as to possess the greatest power of abstraction together with the greatest vigor of thought. The only means of obtaining such powers are by a severe course of study. After these habits have been formed, reading will be found far more profitable. Nor should a person confine himself alone to text books, he ought also to read; else the mind will become cramped and narrowed by attention to mere abstractions.

To one however who is unable to make the exertion rendered necessary by the above course, there is another that may be pursued. Let him read with reference to his future course in life. For whatever labor is expended with reference to a certain object, something will assuredly be gained. When however the tastes lead to general reading, a man may as in the case of Johnson and Burke acquire a vast store of general information. Nor is this to be despised, it is indeed of great importance to every one. But unless this knowledge be classified and well arranged it will, like the armor of Saul when placed upon David, rather oppress by its weight, than aid by its massiveness. There is also a more serious disadvantage attendant upon too general a course of reading. For unless the mind has been well disciplined, it is too apt to be satisfied with the tickling produced by the flowing

of other men's thoughts through the brain, instead of thinking for itself. In this way "the impression is as transient as the shadow of crows flying over a field of corn." The excellent advice of thoroughly digesting what is read cannot be too frequently pressed upon young readers. The motto of Patrick Henry, "Beware of the man of one book," often seems in danger of being entirely forgotten. The idea is too prevalent that the more a person reads the better. Provided he goes through it, and can *talk* about it, is sufficient in the eyes of many. Such a course will never prove of permanent benefit. Mere glibness of tongue may be gained, but depth of thought never will be. So much easier however, is it for a man to read than to think, that the former is preferred by the great majority of mankind. Mere quantity however will never suffice. Before mental sustenance can be received through the brain, the thoughts of others must be subjected to the action, and assimilated by our own. If no such action takes place the mind must ever remain a pigmy, content to receive in implicit reliance the thoughts and opinions of others.

AL-CID.



FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER.

IF there is one element in human character that marks its possessor as great, or that is necessary to the attainment of the highest objects within the reach of man, it is firmness of character. As well might we expect to see the frail bark of the Indian bearing its owner proudly over the raging ocean, as to see a man of feeble and vacillating character, run a long and brilliant course of success. The world is a great field of strife, and he who wins must fight. The man who has no mind of his own, but suffers his judgment to be shaken by every impertinent adviser, who is open to the seductive eloquence of flattery, and cowers before every opposing frown, is unfit to be a standard bearer where opposing hosts are rushing to the conflict. Search the page of History and mark the lives of those whom the world calls great.

Did they run their course without opposition? Was their sky always clear? Did Fortune strew their path with flowers, or was there always some deity showing them signs of favor? Far from it. Every great man who has become the adopted child of fame, has done so by surmounting the most difficult obstacles and contending with the bitterest foes. At every step of his progress there was a new snare for his feet. If the gods smiled upon him, it was from behind the clouds. And if fortune rewarded him with her golden gifts, it was as when the husbandman gathers in the fruits of autumn, worn and wearied by the toil and heat of the summer that produced them.

To the man of ambition only, who excludes from his counsels every consideration of right, this principle is requisite, if he is ever to reach the dizzy heights to which he aspires. Without it the most exalted talents are like a mighty engine in the hands of one too feeble to direct it. The timid soul trembles before dangers of its own fancy's creation. The most trifling obstacles are considered insuperable barriers. Every object that crosses the vision is a spectre and every sound an omen of coming evil. In the field where thousands are contending for the prize, no means will be spared to frighten him from the course, whose abilities mark him for the victorious champion.

But especially must the man of moral principle be armed with an unwavering determination to pursue his course regardless of all opposition. The man of ambition has most to fear from those in the same course with himself who attack him through envy. But he who contends for a great moral principle wields a weapon that threatens every man. There is no public evil which he does not attack, no hidden wrong he may not expose, no stronghold of despotism whose foundations he does not undermine. What wonder then if all these unite their force to crush the champion in his youth?

J. Haskell.

PUNS AND PUNNING.

"WHAT a cute strife for cute things," exclaimed my friend one morning. "And yet half the time the *axi* is not visible and the pain wholly internal. I wish it might be stopped, for I perceive this disease is taking strong hold and getting fearfully prevalent."

"Very well, very well," said I to my friend, "you talk *avec raison*, and we'll see what can be done. But first, as there is much wisdom among the works of the ancients, let us avoid egotism and borrow a little argument wherewith to commence the strife. When troubles are very grievous, (as this seems to be), we should always get on the sunny side, and with good cheer say with Horace—" *Levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas*;" which being freely rendered, means, what can't be cured must be endured.

Taking this liberal view of things, we need fear no discomfiture. That men were not made to bite their tongues in silence and lead a life of monastic asceticism, any man of thought can readily see. If the old Quaker thought it his duty to keep himself awake even when nothing was said or done, then he should prick himself with pins, (his *dernier* resort), as he was wont. As the matter of exculpation from numerous crimes depends on an enlightened conscience, we should seek to obtain it, and as fast as possible cast out the fog of superstition which still lingers in the mind.

A pitiable fellow indeed must he be that can never enjoy a pun, but a senseless fellow must he be that can do nothing else but make puns: to whom the grand and beautiful are only suggestive of wit and low drollery—to whom that, which is chaste and soul-elevating affords only a little stock for the punster in his crack-brained jollity, to forge into a little ill-timed humor. The inveterate punster may find a little consolation in the common sayings of the ancients. Horace with much candor says;— *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur*, and the Greeks as charitably express themselves, *κατὰ δαλοῖσι χρεὶ λόφον ἐγγισθεῖν*.

Yet this is but poor consolation to him who boasts of his silly wit as the property of a natural genius. For the wise of the ancients say also, "Lupus pilam mutat non mentem," also the Greeks "ἐν λον ἀγκυλον ἐνδότες ἀφεν." Or as our old homely proverb has it, "What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh." Poor consolation this we say for him, who boasts of a natural genius—a regular wit who goes about retailing old puns, fashioning chaos from comeliness, and transforming good into evil.

What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh; surely no man then will boast of a natural genius for punning. To such blue-stocking argument as some will be pleased to call this, suggests my elbow friend, few will listen. So then let us look a little further into the matter and as we are able, avoiding personalities, find out the element which being introduced makes a joke fail of its purpose. To this intent we invite all our numerous friends to seats around our table.

To you all kind friends we would give the friendly advice which you may find in the wise sayings of Lord Chancellor Bacon:—"Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he need be afraid of others memory." But from this sentiment of advice with all good will let us take up the discussion. Upon inspection there seem to be six general classes of puns, viz:

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{PUNS PREPENSE,} \\ \text{PUNS INAPTUS,} \\ \text{PUNS INDECENS,} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{PUNS INSTANTER,} \\ \text{PUNS APTUS,} \\ \text{PUNS DECENS.} \end{array} \right.$
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A pun prepense carries so much of egotism with it, that it is rendered void of effect: and as it displays also a vain ambition for reputation, it can never fail of exciting rebuke if not that which is more terrible, a silent abhorrence. A pun inaptus will fail of being well received just because it is inaptus; like the man that *intended to go* but did'nt because the train was already off. A pun indecens is a dangerous matter for the tongue to deal with; for first, it is doubtful if it be at all received, since in every circle there are diverse characters, and some, whatever be their sense of moral obligation, that will resent vulgarity and maintain

a sense of honor which is their chief pride. And then it is most common, as the "*descensus Averni facilis est*," that such a joke may be turned with an increased force back upon the original author. An opportunity for doing that under most circumstances will rarely be suffered to pass unimproved.

Thus of the six classes, three of them we have seen are objectionable, and so reducing the number to three remaining: which, three are reciprocally involved in one another; so that primarily there are only *two classes*. And these distinctions as they appear in connection with the subject, illustrate further that grand dividing line between right and wrong, which knows no compromise, but notwithstanding man's attempts at self-deceit, stays just where God has drawn it.

Who shall pun? The question is reiterated, who then shall pun? Let him do it that can; but let *him* be careful that he do it when it shall *seem* to him at least, he can't help it. If such be the course we shall have real puns worth laughing at: and withal there will be developed an earnest and estimable character.

EPSILON.

THE STUDENT'S HOPE.

ORATION.

WE will not attempt to measure the influence of Hope, in rendering tolerable our earthly existence. Without it, life would be a perpetual and useless struggle for the attainment of happiness; the rolling up hill of a stone, which nears the summit only to rebound again to the renewing of the toil. Nor need we here rehearse the various names by which this brightest boon of heaven is recognized and praised. All have seen the "Star of Hope" twinkling in the darkest hour, or shining out like a beacon fire o'er the billows of life's ocean: and as a 'Rainbow' what soul has not been gladdened to see its beauteous arch brightening and sustaining the cloudy presages of the future? But to the

student, hope is not the "Star" which may set and leave him cheerless,—or the 'Bow' whose colors vanish with the sunshine. To him it is an instrument; a telescope, through which he views things distant far, and reads them as if present. As in his solitary room he bends him o'er the classic page, and wastes the midnight oil, why is it that he scorns fatigue;—why is it that the lustre of his eye is not dimmed, nor the ardor of his enthusiasm quenched by the cold moisture, forced from the hard tasked brain, upon his noble brow? Why does he prize, as gems, the moments that flit past, and steal the golden hours from dewy sleep and health? Why does he watch with eagerness for every thought and word that drops in tender fondness from the lips of his Alma Mater? Go, ask the astronomer why he leaves his home and on some bleak and barren mountain watch-tower holds nightly converse with the worlds of light that burn and roll and shine above him? *His* answer is the *students*. 'Tis because there comes such visions through his glass as makes the present toil seem light and great privations dwindle into insignificance. Before him move the bar, the pulpit and the rostrum. Lawyers, Statesmen, Physicians, and Gospel ministers beckon on, and spread on fancy's tablet the blushing honors that await him. Here, he sees the innocent defended, the guilty punished, juries o'erwhelmed with conviction and evenhanded Justice with her scales in equilibrium hung: there, a Senate, swayed beneath the magic power of eloquence, as the harvest field is billowed by the scented breath of June. He sees gaunt pain and torturing disease o'ercome by healing balm, and the arrows of remorseless death averted by the triple shield of medicinal prudence, skill and foresight: but from the pulpit comes such blended rays of purity and love, with virtue, meekness, charity and Godly fear combined as quite outshine all else. *Here* he sees the mental powers and energies of body exercised for one specific end, the affections all engrossed and life devoted to its wished attainment; that end,—salvation to the soul of fallen man. He almost feels his heart drawn out in love toward them for whom he soon will labor, pray and watch with all a parent's fond solicitude. He almost sees the thriving village of his charge, the cottage parson-

age, and the handsome church, whose bell vibrates e'en now its Sabbath music in his fancy's ear. Educated, patriotic, respected and self-denying, the happy band of Christ's ambassadors are laboring in the ripe and plenteous harvest, and his heart burns with glowing emulation to enter on their labors and plant, if need be, the Rose of Sharon even amid ice-bound and snowclad regions. He sees too, this picture has a *shady side*; but his telescope reveals those shadows there, to make, by contrast, the sunny side the sunnier,—and also shows flung over all a happier tint, which radiates from that being by his side, whose gentle loveliness shines forth in word and act, softening the asperities of life and doubling all its joys,—which turns its bright scenes brighter and unfolds the silver lining of its darkest cloud. Such is the student's hope. His intellectual powers expand by generous careful culture, and step by step their growth and force increase, until he feels within his inmost soul, that what his heart desires his hand and will can do. He finds a deep enjoyment in the distant fancy, that when an Everitt or a Choate has fallen *he* will fill his place; that sometime henceforth, *he* may lead the senate captive with the mighty eloquence of an American Demosthenes, or preach the gospel with the pungent force and sweet simplicity of an Alexander. Such are his visions;—as he gazes, he believes, and faith becomes to him the “substance of things hoped for.” But it is not given to him to say that he sees all. Around and beyond him are the deeps unfathomable,—and the nearer he draws his glass to its true focus, the further vision extends, and the larger grows that circle of darkness that defines its limit. As the traveller among the Alps, after ascending one peak, sees another and another rising high and snowcapped to his view,—so the student discerns summit after summit of expectation before him in beauteous perspective, rising until his mind's eye can no longer distinguish them, and they are hid in the clouds and mists of futurity. But there, as his faith whispers even there, is concealment only and not termination; for as the years roll by, that veil is parted like the unfolding of some palace doors, and lo! through the opening a loftier height than mortal eye hath seen, all glowing and beautiful, in the full splendor of hope realized.

AN HOUR WITH THE HOUNDS.

Late in the afternoon of one of those dull days that we sometimes have in July, a singular kind of a drag might have been seen creeping slowly over one of those rough roads which are so numerous in the wilder parts of New York. It was drawn by a single horse, that groaned along as though his burden was a heavy one and had been dragged many weary miles that day. The wagon was one of those serviceable articles, built more for use than show, and which could not suffer from the many rude shocks it received against the logs and charred stumps which lined what is emphatically termed a "corduroy road." The occupants, too, appeared capable of sustaining any emergencies that might be met in the forest. The driver was a hunter of renowned skill, long acquainted with the habits of the bears and deer that abound in that part of the State, and able to sing the death song of many a hundred that had fallen beneath the heavy double-barrelled rifle he held between his knees. His companions, a gentleman of about forty, and his son, a lad scarcely fourteen, seemed from their appearance to belong to the city. Both had guns, the one a beautiful little rifle scarcely weighing eight pounds, and the other a light smooth bore. A noble deer hound, curled up at their feet, showed the object of their journey, although as yet they had no spoils to boast of. One deer had met his death the day before, but evening setting in upon them while on the chase, it had to be relinquished. They were now on their return, and the gentleman anxiously inquired of the guide if there were no possibility of retrieving the fortunes of the hunt. He doubted;—but remarked, that "there was a pond about a mile further on, and "if they found a boat, he would loose the hound among the hills, "and try to drive one in, although there was not much time left; "however he'd try at any rate;"—so whipping up the old horse, they soon accomplished the remaining mile. As they rattled down the last hill, a lovely sight burst upon their view. A beautiful pond or lakelet lay in unruffled splendor at their feet, as fair a sheet of pure mountain water as ever gladdened the eye of

the traveller. It was a long and comparatively narrow body of water, being scarcely a mile broad in its widest part, while it was five or six miles long, and from either side densely-timbered mountains rose abruptly. The leaden clouds that for the entire day had jealously hidden the sun, rolled gracefully away as our travellers appeared, and permitted him for a few moments to light up the scene with his last rays, throwing his mellow brilliancy over one half of the placid lake, while the other half was darkened by the broad shadow cast by the mountains. But our travellers had little time to admire the scene, for scarcely had their horse been tied to a tree, and the boat launched, before the clouds again closed their ranks, and the same sober light was thrown over the pond, "all the better to shoot by" as the hunter remarked. After pulling up the lake for a mile they cautiously approached the shore and as silently landed. The hunter, whom we will call "Curt,"—not for any Spartan brevity of speech, for he was as jovial a sportsman as ever roamed the greenwood;—Curt called his hound and silently began to ascend the hill. His companions remained in the boat, and breathlessly listened for the slightest indications of the chase. Nor did they wait long, the dog was heard whining in a peculiar manner, then it became more decided, was lost in the distance, and finally they heard him open at full cry far up the hill, and in a minute Curt appeared through the forest his kindly face lighted up with a broad smile. All were soon seated in the boat only waiting for the deer to leap into the water to dash after him in exciting chase. For some time the chase seemed to lead along shore, and they slowly followed the sound, but soon the hunter's face darkened, he bent his head over the water, and finally declared that the deer had put for the river about three miles over the mountains. All hopes of sport that evening being cut off by this intelligence, they rowed idly along and then waited for the dog at the point they started the deer, for right well did the hunter know his hound, and that he would never leave the chase until the quarry soiled, and then would lose no time in returning. Nor did he fail to do his duty this time, for as was afterwards found out, he chased the stag to the river where it was shot by another hunter. Taking

the dog in, our disappointed sportsmen rowed slowly down the lake, comforting themselves with sundry quaint adages and hopes of better luck next time, but, "Hist! what on 'arth's the matter with that pup." The rowing ceased, and earnestly was he watched for his acute ears gave him news that man could not hear. Every ear was on the alert, each head was bent to the water. Meanwhile the dog became more uneasy and began to whimper, "Hark! hurrah," said Curt in an undertone, "I hear him and he makes for the pond"—and soon all could hear the deep baying of a hound on the shore, growing louder and louder every instant. What glorious music for a sportsman! As the deep sound came gaily over the water, caught up and repeated by the echoes as it rose and fell among the hills, it brought life and animation to our eager party. Their eyes sparkled and the blood mounted to their cheeks, which before had worn a most dejected expression; and at last as a form was seen hanging for an instant in the air, and then buried in the water, "she is ours," was the word. Still, if the deer should see their boat it might return, and as they were half a mile from the shore, it would have every prospect to escape, if the hound that now appeared on the bank did not turn it. Of course the utmost silence was now observed on board the boat, but the baying of his brother and the sight of the game proved too much for the equanimity of their dog, and he began to evince his joy and keen relish of the sport by a series of most provoking whimperings, that seemed but preludes to some louder demonstration; "*Choke him, CHOKe him,*" said Curt to the gentleman in the stern, who most deliberately wound his handkerchief around the dog's neck, till he was obliged to spend his efforts in gaining breath, but every time the handkerchief was loosened to give him air, he most ungratefully renewed his howlings, "*Throw him overboard,*"—over he went, silenced at once, and quietly followed the boat during the whole chase. For in the meanwhile the deer had reached the middle of the pond and the word was given to start. Gaily she flew over the water, propelled by the strong arms of the guide. The deer, seeing them, redoubled its efforts, and the lad who had taken his position in the bows, announced that it gained on them.

Seizing another paddle his father added his strength to that of the hunter and the poor hound was left far behind. The quarry seemed to be aware of this accession to the strength of the enemy and made prodigious efforts to escape, almost leaping out of water in its anxiety. But it was all in vain;—the canoe approached rapidly until about twenty rods distant, when laying down the paddle and snatching his rifle, our sportsman took a quick sight and fired, while the hunter steadied the boat. A glad hurrah rung through the air as the deer turned its head, showing a hole through the centre of its cheek. Still the noble animal was "game" to the last. It faltered for an instant as the ball struck it, and then rallying its strength for a last struggle for life, it boldly stretched for the shore, dyeing the water with its blood. But no! it was not doomed to reach it, the unrelenting sportsmen were again in hot pursuit, and the keen knife soon ended its pangs. It was an exciting moment, and amply did our hunters feel compensated for their previous ill-fortune. In a little while their hound, which had not ceased following them from the commencement of the chase, swam along side, and crawling in, all dripping as he was, plunged his nose into the reeking neck of the deer and drank its life-blood. None thought of preventing him for he had toiled hard for it, and resuming their oars, they slowly rowed their boat to the shore, for it was loaded almost to the the water's edge; yet with a welcome burden.

RAQUETTE.

L. Armin Danes

DESTINY OF MIND.

To the ardent student nothing relating to mind can be void of interest. The subject dignifies the matter; and what might else be contemptible, becomes, at least, worthy of perusal. The varied powers, mysterious structure and exalted nature of the human mind have ever commanded for it the closest attention and profoundest study of the noblest spirits of our race. But its rapid advances, during the present epoch, in keenness of perception and

power of comprehension, and the consequently numerous and wonderful discoveries in Science and Art—have challenged the thoughtful to reflect upon its probable destiny.

The Destiny of Mind, we believe, is eternal progression. We can conceive of no other. Infinity its source, must also be its only consummation.*

"This is the mark we aim at; for the soul
Can take no lower flight, can seek no meaner goal."

In proof of this, we adduce first the fact that no limits can be assigned to the mind's improvement. None have attempted the futile task. All admit the power of mental development to be indefinite. Now does not this very indefiniteness argue, *a posteriori*, that no such limits exist? Metaphysicians tell us that the mind, by repeated efforts, becomes capable of more powerful and continued action. With every increase of strength, it sallies forth in quest of new discoveries, and each successive acquisition increases its ability to acquire more. In view of this law, can it be possible that the mind,—having been enlarged and matured, to some extent, by previous action and panting for superior subjects of investigation, is to be, *can be*, checked or thwarted in its course? When it has been prepared by a state of probation for a state of unmixed fruition, are the interest and pleasures of novelty to yield to the staleness and vapidness of old familiar fact? When the young eagle has tried its wing around the mountain eyrie, and in obedience to the impulses of nature, soars from earth towards the sun, can his brilliance dazzle or the journey's magnitude appal? As well might we suppose that a river, constantly receiving fresh increments to its volume and velocity, could cease to flow before it had reached the ocean, as to believe the mind can ever stop in its glorious path of enlargement and intelligence.

* We do not wish to be here misunderstood. As long as there is anything to learn, the mind—for aught we know to the contrary, and as is sought to be shown above—may learn it. Hence there can be no limits to its progress, but *all* knowledge; which is infinite. But the mind is finite, being created, and can never therefore, attain to or comprehend infinity. Hence we conclude its advancement will be eternal. Or as Addison has expressed it: "The soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it."—SPECTATOR.

"The soul
Advancing ever to the source of light,
And all perfection, shall live, adore and reign
In cloudless knowledge, purity and bliss!"

The history of mind confirms our supposition. However colossal and transcendent may have been the soul of Adam prior to the fall, we have indubitable evidence that his intellectual faculties were involved in the lapse of his moral and physical powers. The mental giant and associate of Deity became an imbecile pigmy and outcast on the earth. The earliest accounts we have both sacred and profane, represent men in a rude and semi-barbarous state. Now, if we follow their history to the present, we shall find that from what may appropriately be called infancy, the human mind has advanced, slowly 'tis true, but steadily and surely—till it has attained a degree of excellence, which vests our kind with a glory and dignity, sought for in vain at any former period. We discover its incipency when men had but vague notions of Deity and the after-life; when they were governed more by passion and instinct, than by reason and reflection; when nature with her ten thousand voices woke no pleasant echo in their breasts; when want of knowledge shrouded them in intellectual darkness. From this point, in tracing mind through the ever-varying influences of centuries, we shall be led upward and onward, till we arrive at its supernal youth, so wondrous and attractive. And are all these vast acquisitions, these surpassing powers, but the prelude to a profound apathy and endless immobility? Are *celestials* to be satisfied throughout eternity with the knowledge of *mortals*, acquired too within the narrow precincts of this diminutive world? Does not the very harboring of such questions almost seem to doubt the wisdom and goodness of Jehovah?

When approaching death, Sir Isaac Newton is reported to have said in reply to the ill-timed flattery of some one standing near: "I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a little boy playing on the sea shore and amusing myself in now and then finding a pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean lay all undiscovered before

me." And is this vast ocean not to be fathomed? Are its hidden treasures not to be brought from their cavernous depths and exposed to view? When a mind like Newton's could be engaged and pleased in roaming the shores and finding an occasional pebble, are the secrets of the great world of waters to remain unseen, untried, unknown? No, these shall not always be veiled in obscurity; but our spirits freed from the debasing influences of "these mortal coils" shall continue increasing in knowledge throughout unnumbered cycles of futurity, and all the doubts and difficulties that now harass us, "to reason's eye shall then clear up apace." But these and all other objective arguments yield in value to the subjective testimony the mind itself affords. That there is an indescribable something in the human breast, continually reaching forth after what, in this life, can never be attained, needs but proposing to obtain belief. We have all more or less experienced its influences. This aspiration* after a higher, nobler life can only be satisfied by a future of activity. Inaction is retrocession—is death itself. Now this longing, unsatisfied desire was implanted by the Creator and must be realized, else a part of our being, will have been uselessly produced; for this desire or aspiration enters into and constitutes a part of the very soul's existence. There is but one alternative. Either death puts an end to mental expansion, or the mind will be forever engaged in acquiring new facts, discovering new truths and investigating new sciences. In other words we must be prepared to affirm calmly and deliberately that God has worked in vain, or that eternal progression is the destiny of mind. And finally we have the sure word of Revelation that we "shall be changed from glory unto glory;" that we shall be "renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created us," and that hereafter we "shall know even as we are known."

Nature, amid her teeming variety and affluence of beauty, presents many a scene of surpassing interest. But nowhere in her prodigality of wealth, is there a view at all comparable with that which burst upon our vision, as we behold the soul unceasingly

*This intuition, Prof. Upham would, perhaps, class among "original suggestions" and esteem the highest kind of evidence.

approaching the source and centre of all intelligence, but which it shall never reach:—attaining heights at which angels once gazed awe-struck, and wondered whether they could ever be enjoyed. How cheering, how transporting the thought! It lights up all life's cares, and labors, and sorrows with its own celestial beauty.

H. A. Norton

LINES.

Who when College life is o'er,
Would to Fame's proud summit soar?
Who stand foremost in the fight
Battling sternly for the right?

Who would wreath his brow with bay?
Shout victory, at life's closing day?
Who rank with the immortal few,
The few that conquer?—say would you?

Then firmly gird your armor bright;
Then "walk by faith and not by sight;"
Then *fight* as though you fought *alone*,
But *pray*, as though all hope were flown.

H.

TOWNOLOGY.

DURING last vacation, we were riding on one of our numerous railroads, and were about falling into a comfortable doze, when suddenly the conductor bawled out in his loudest tone "*Jacksonville*," "Passengers for *Jacksonville* get out here." Just then, a strange idea flashed through our brain. Very probably the *name* of the *place* we had just passed, was the cause of our brilliant thought, that it would be a pleasant, as well as instructive lesson, to classify the different names of our villages and towns, into as many different epochs or periods. And as soon as we reached our destination, we commenced our task, and we now lay be-

fore the readers of the Magazine the results. Upon opening our atlas the first name which we saw was "Schenectady," and this suggested the *aboriginal* period. Under this head, we would classify all those names, which have descended to us, from the aboriginal tribes, who first inhabited this country. This class is very small, Saratoga, Blackhawk, Chippewa and Niagara, being perhaps, the principal titles still remaining. After the revolution, there seems to have been a burst of *patriotism* through the country, and consequently we find such names as Freedom, Washington Co., Washingtonville, La Fayette, De Kalb, Putnam and others. Military geniuses of other countries are also honored, and in New York state alone, we find a Nelson, Moreau and Napoleon; Waterloo also has a place in our titles. But even a variety did not seem sufficient for our early forefathers. And they gave the plainer titles of Independence, Union and Concord, to a great number of places. After this, there is a *classical* period, towns with such names as Ovid, Pompey, Carthage, Athens, Homer, Troy and Rome, are found principally in the Middle States. The taste of our progressive people changes from the classical to the *religious*. During this period, villages receive the names of Jerusalem, St. Marks, Bethlehem, Sharon, St. Francisville, St. Josephs, St. Marys, St. Augustine. These names are of frequent occurrence, more especially in Louisiana and Florida. These states being chiefly settled at first by the French. During the last few years, emigrants to this country, generally call their settlements, by the name of their different counties. Therefore in the Western States, we find towns with the following names, London, Glasgow, Cuba, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Manchester, St. Petersburg, Italy, Delhi and others. This is perhaps the largest class of all. Names distinguished in history also flourish here, Scott, Milton, Dryden, Popeville, Byronville and Chesterfield, are all found in the Western States. The name of Shakespeare, however, we have not as yet used. Lastly comes an epoch which we call *local*. And under this we classify such names as Pond-run, Stony-brook, Mud-hollow, Pennyan, Oyster-bay and Mosquito-cove. Lately our taste seems to be gratified by euphonious titles. Therefore Indiana glories in

an Indianapolis, Michigan has a Cassopolis, while Polkopolis is said to exist in Tennessee. One other name, and we are done. At the head of Lake Michigan, there stands a town, called by the Indians *Michelimacinac*. What this name means we have been unable to discover.

WENTWORTH.

Editor's Table.

WE read that in olden time the cupbearer sipped the goblet before offering it to his lord ;—but where, except in spreading an Editor's Table, can you, in modern times, find a custom requiring the host to act the cook, and taste every dish before inviting his guests? Such however is the custom, and yielding to its demands we sat down in our Editorial sanctum to consider what to prepare for the delicate tastes of our numerous readers.

We took our pen,—laid it down,—took it up again,—put it behind our ear,—planted our elbow on the table,—our cheek in our hand, and in deep suspense began to—muse. A mysterious feeling came stealing over our senses, the lamp paled down to a dim glimmer, and our sheet seemed to expand into an ocean, on the shores of which we stood with a busy multitude. The waters were clear and calm, except that a breeze now and then dallied with its bright face, and kissed its dimpling waves, that pouted at such liberties, and sometimes growing bolder it rushed upon the myriads of sails that wooed it to their bosoms, and wantonly overturning, sunk or dashed them to pieces. A few however withstood all such attacks; and this led us to observe the various modes adopted, of equipping and managing them. Some spread all their canvass, and with colors streaming, dashed off with clipper speed. *Most of these were wrecked.* Some with well proportioned model, well ballasted and with sails well trimmed, rode majestically away, cheering and cheered by others, returning deeply laden with costly cargoes.

We were seized with the spirit that seemed to animate the multitude when we felt a light touch, and turning beheld a beautiful female figure. The pole-star glittered on her brow, the Pleiades sparkled among the gems of her coronet and a winged boy at her feet played with her flowing robes. In her right hand she held a cornucopia, while her left rested on a golden wheel, and from her shoulders were half unfolded a pair of such ethereal wings as angels have. Smiling, she thus addressed us:

I am Fortuna,
 Unbounded my sway ;
 I check not thy zeal,
 But list what I say.
 Regard what you see,
 Then act and be wise,
 Equip *then* your bark,
 And launch for a prize.
 Give length to its keel,
 And strength to the mast,
 What bends to the breeze,
 Will snap in the blast ;
 Put breadth in its beam,
 And depth in the hold,
 In canvass be cautious,
 In ballast be bold.
 Be honor your helm ;
 Select well your crew,
 My blessing be with you
 Forever,—adieu.

Advised and encouraged thus, we completed our vessel ; but in selecting a crew, and securing freight we met with all the strange, fantastical and ludicrous incidents which belong to the realm of dreams.

One wished to charter our craft for a cargo of *puns*, promising that we might use them as spice for our table. But our ideas coinciding with our landlady's, that spicy delicacies, though of an agreeable pungency, were not wholesome, we told him we had always kept *cutaneous* diseases at a respectable distance, and still wished to avoid contagion.

Another said he was a philosopher, and wishing to indulge awhile in speculations upon the profound depths of his favorite science, he desired to embark on the *great deep* itself, as the very home of *Sadæ*. In the following metaphysical disquisition, he gave us an example of his "*modus persequentis*," or mode of persecuting his subject.

"Sin bro't death into the world, and all our pain."

Before the fall there was no sin in the world, and therefore, no pain. But the sensation of hunger is pain, and was Adam never hungry ? He certainly ate of all the fruits of the garden, besides,—

"His sleep was airy light from pure digestion bred,"

or, digested bread ;—therefore he must have eaten bread ; and if he ate bread he must have made it, and if he had to knead it as much as we did our first batch, he felt pain. But he didn't feel pain, therefore he didn't knead it, and if he didn't need it, not hunger, but a sense of duty was the condition necessary to his eating ; therefore, he ate from a sense of duty, and didn't feel

pain. We at once gave him a free ticket for minor premises, in the forward stateroom, larboard side, ground tier; lest the proximity of his loadstone mind might hypothetically affect the polarity of the needle, causing it to point out a false conclusion.

The next application was for the exportation of 15000 conundrums, with two, as samples of their superior quality, which we give "in solution," as the most agreeable way of administering them.

When did the alphabet begin with B? In the days of no-A, (Noah).

Why is it difficult to compose in a room charged with chlorine gas? Because it retards *de-composition*.

Raising our blunderbuss, we told him of he did'nt quit *boring* us, we would *riddle* him through.

He had scarcely gone when up stepped a smart looking Seminole, who like all semibarbarians, was fond of figurative language. He had studied the effects of moonshine on animal matter, and could also tell to the differential of a grain how much a Selenite ought to eat for supper, since his nights are as long as fifteen of our days. In defence of his incidental remark, that "the wind kissed the wave," said he, "that was a *gusty buss*, was'nt it?" Yes. "Well, *de gustibus non disputandum*."

A fifth said he was a poet,—wished to travel and see the world,—would entertain us on the sea with original poetry, and on the spot offered us a demonstration of his ability, a part of which we present you.

After telling us that the sun had gone down and the moon got up,—that children and chickens had gone to roost, and the old folks to bed;—that silence *rained*, in one verse, and a dog barked, in the next, he goes on to say,

"Nature was still as death,
And like as it had sought to do
The wind held in its breath
But lo! the change! a sudden cloud
Comes sweeping up the sky
With bursts of thunder long and loud
And it lightens awfully
An oak stood up against the blast
'Twas riven in splinters down
Torrents of rain came pouring fast
The fated earth to drown
Then rose loud screams above the storm
And wails and fearful shrieks
From hardy men of sturdy form
And maids with pallid cheeks
The gale swept on with furious rush
It scared the old and young
Such ruin defies a painters brush
Much more a poets tongue

But all that's awful ends betimes
 As well as all that's good
 So did the storm so must my rhymes
 Protract them though I would"

We were well nigh overwhelmed by this tempest, but at last recovered breath to exclaim,—“the sky blue”? Astonishing! “Sky and awfully”—“down and drown,”—rhymes worthy of Hudibas. Your description of the storm celestial and terrestrial is truly felicitous; what noble confusion!

Thunder, lightning, torrents, blasts,
 Faces whitening, men aghast!
 Strong oaks riven, screams and wails,
 Deluge, splinters, shrieks and gales.

No wonder the old folks were scared. The metre too, is like Mephibosheth, —lame in the feet; and there is a praiseworthy disregard of all punctuation except exclamation points. The rests are on the same magnificent scale with the ideas, and you rush through the whole diapason, scorning stops and closing with a beautiful diminuendo without a “da capo,”—can you box the compass? “No.” Good day sir!

We will mention but *one* more application, before closing our literary log-book, and that was for the office of chief mate. To test his knowledge of nautical affairs, we demanded why a ship is always spoken of in the feminine gender. He immediately replied,

Why's a ship always called by the feminine gender?
 That's a reason no lazy land-lubber can render!
 I'll tell ye:—she has thimbles and needles, pins, bonnets and stays,
 She's handsome, but fickle and light in her ways,
 She has aprons, and caps, hooks and eyes, and stay laces,
 And a waist with a guard, jewels, watches and braces.
 All these are about her; besides, that great bother
 She always needs, like a woman, some fixing or other.
 Now “shiver my timbers” if I ever could see,
 How it could be wrong to call the ship George Washington—she.

You'll do sir,—go aboard.

Thus after accepting and rejecting, we at last made up our complement and were about to get a clearance from the *custom* house, when we awoke, and lo, it was a dream. Yet it was significant. Thousands of books are launched from the press, and as varied is the fate that awaits them. Their ultimate success depends more on the intrinsic worth of their subject matter, than upon what appears on a superficial review. We see some of flowery style and lofty language puffed by every mouth and read by every eye, admired as wonderful books,—exponents of masterly minds. But as those vessels with neither depth of hold, or value of cargo, leaving port gaily, are soon wrecked or sink, so these books rise on the sickly breath of popular applause and daz-

able by their meretricious beauties, but lacking depth of argument, and richness of sentiment, soon sink into the sea of oblivion. They are read, but read *once* only: they are highly praised, but like dust, feathers and straw, they rise soonest and easiest because they have neither weight nor value: they are admired, but it is with the admiration with which we look on a mirage, it is dispelled by the first blast of criticism.

We launch our little yacht, with its choice cargo and gallant crew, among thousands of greater pretensions, remembering that though the beautiful and the light may appear fairest, it is the deep, the sound, and the modest proportion of length to breadth—with the symmetrical structure of the whole, —*which has always characterized* the “Nassau Lit.,”—that insures success.

EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The stanzas on “Vices Vitae,” are happily conceived, but being evidently hurried in the execution, are lacking in rhythm, and we doubt not the writer will, on reflection be pleased that they are not inserted. We thank our correspondents for their promptness, for the good taste displayed in the choice, and brevity in the treatment of their subjects.

EXCHANGES.—We have received the Yale Lit. for April, the Southern Rights Advocate and the Peoples Journal.

